



ONCE MORE, UNTO THE BREACH

With this installment I begin my eighth year of writing columns for the makers of Marlboro cigarettes, as fine a bunch of men as you would meet in a month of Sundays—loyal, true, robust, windswept, forthright, tattooed—in short, precisely the kind of men you would expect them to be if you were familiar with the cigarettes they make—and I hope you are—for Marlboro, like its makers is loyal, true, robust, windswept, forthright, tattooed.

There is, however, one important difference between Marlboro and its makers. Marlboro has a filter and the makers do not—except of course for Windswept T. Sigafos, Vice President in charge of Media Research. Mr. Sigafos does have a filter. I don't mean that Mr. Sigafos personally has a filter. What I mean is that he has a filter in his swimming pool at his home in Fairbanks, Alaska. You might think that Fairbanks is rather an odd place for Mr. Sigafos to live, being such a long distance from the Marlboro home office in New York City. But it should be pointed out that Mr. Sigafos is not required to be at work until 10 A. M.

But I digress. This column, I say, will take up questions of burning interest to the academic world—like "Should French conversation classes be conducted in English?" and "Should students be allowed to attend first hour classes in pajamas and robes?" and "Can a student of 18 find happiness with an economics professor of 90?"

Because many of you are new to college, especially freshmen, perhaps it would be well in this opening column to start with campus fundamentals. What, for example, does "Alma Mater" mean?

Well, sir, "Alma Mater" is Latin for "send money."

What does "Dean" mean? Well, sir, "Dean" is Latin for "don't get caught."

What does "dormitory" mean? Well, sir, "dormitory" is Latin for "bed of pain."

Next, let us discuss student-teacher relationships. In college the keynote of the relationship between student and teacher is informality. When you meet a teacher on campus, you need not salute. Simply tug your forelock. If you are bald and have no forelock, a low curtsy will suffice. In no circumstances should you polish a teacher's car or sponge and press his suit. It is, however, permissible to worm his dog.

With the President of the University, of course, your relationship will be a bit more formal. When you encounter the President, fling yourself prone on the sidewalk and sing loudly:

*"Prexy is wise
Prexy is true"*



*Prexy has eyes
Of Lake Louise blue."*

As you can see, the President of the University is called "Prexy." Similarly, Deans are called "Dixie." Professors are called "Proxie." Housemothers are called "Hoxie Moxie." Students are called "Answerbie."

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This uncensored, free-wheeling column will be brought to you throughout the school year by the makers of Marlboro and Marlboro's partner in pleasure, the new, unfiltered, king-size Philip Morris Commander. If unfiltered cigarettes are your choice, try a Commander. You'll be welcome aboard.



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